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A New

# BALLAD

## Being a Compariſon between one that cut off his own Noſe, and another that cut his own Throat to gain Renown.

Tune of *Hang ſorrow caſt away care*, &c.

1. Jun. 1642.

I.

THere is an old ſtory
That's much to the Glory
Of one that was called *Sophyrus*,
Whoſe Feats may be read
Though the man be dead
By any that are deſirous.

II.

This man had a Noſe
As you may ſuppoſe
In the middle of his face
But cut it off clear
Like a brave Cavaliere
To get the Kings good grace.

III.

The manner is known
So wee'l let that alone
Yet by the way you muſt note
Though he ſlaſhed his face
In every place
He had a great care of his throat.

IV.

Now will any man dare
This Wight to compare
With an Heroe that I can name
Who by cutting his throat
Grew a man of great note
And purchas'd Eternal Fame.

V.

*Sophyrus* did well
But he doth excel
If he be but right underſtood
For tis a plain caſe
As the Noſe on his Face
It was done for the peoples good.

VI.

The deſign was brave
The people to ſave
By letting his own throat bleed
But the Fiend that repines
At all good deſigns
Did hinder it to ſucceed.

VII.

For his hand being up
To ſpill the laſt drop
Of the peoples ſaving blood
[illegible] him flinch
At the tother inch
And ſo prevented the good.

VIII

So he uſeth his throat
For the people to Vote
Yet ſome are ſo wicked to hope
This obligeing knife
Though it ſpared his life
Has mark't a fair place for the Rope.

IX.

Now who ever bares ſpleen
To the King or the Queen
Or to *James* the Duke of *York*;
He ſhall have my Vote
To cut his own Throat
Provided he'l perfect the work.

*A. T.*

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FINIS.